WORLD'S = HOME = MAGAZINE.

Ut The Theatres, by Kate Carew.

A FRISK IN FITCHLAND.

HROUGHOUT this broad land there are countless deserving young men who would dearly love to draw royalties and buy bonds.

For the benefit of these carnest souls-whether on the farm, behind the counter, at the anvil or the elevator rope—the following "easy method" is presented: "THE FRISKY MRS. "THE GIRL WITH THE

GREEN EYES." Husband lets his wife think him a beast, to

shield her brother.

Widow lets her "steady" think her a beast, to shield her sister.

JOHNSON."

IT'S very simple, you see—a mere question of varia-

When you consider the complexities of family relationship, you will be "next" to the golden possibilities of the idea.

Let the young man on the farm, behind the counter, &c., butt in before Mr. Fitch has had time to exhaust all the degrees of consanguinity. It is reported that in the forty-seven new plays that

eminent dramatist is writing, he has already gone down the list as far as "aunt by a former marriage." So hacten, young man!

The point is that somebody takes the blame-and there's your play, "aisy and sweet."

T'S the Suffering Silence of Slandered Innocence again. 30 On this page a few weeks ago was presented a list of seven this season.

"The Frisky Mrs. Johnson" is No. 8, and as two of the seven were Mr. Fitch's, she is his No. 3.

Moreover, she is complicated with, "I'm going away from here!" Some of these days I hope a noble band of prolific playwrights will subscribe to a conscience fund for the

rearing of a monument to the Goddess of Suffering Silence. It might take the form of a female wearing a muzzle, shedding tears, and pouring royalties out of a cornucopia, beneath which the playwrights themselves, sculp-

pedestal bearing the inscription: "In Thee We Trust, "Without Thee, Bust!"

tured in brass, kneel with outstretched hands upon a

and here the se 30. HE FRISKY MRS. JOHNSON" is another plunge into darkest Fitchland.

Fitchland isn't exactly like the land described by Othello, where dwelt "The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders."

The heads of the population of Fitchland grow in the right place-at least, they LOOK all right. At's "the things they say and the things they do" that

betray their fabulousness. Desdemona swallowed the Anthropophagi, but Othello

himself would hardly have asked her to believe in Mrs. Johnson and her friends.

In Fitchland there's always the mischief to pay about Guilty letters, you know. Fitchland folk always sign from here!"

their real names to 'em, and never think of using a typewriter. So when you see a body writing a letter, or a messenger bringing one, you know there's trouble brew-drama has been extraordinarily rampant this year. ng. It's the stormy petrel. The glass is falling, and Fitchland is in for a cyclone.

It's a lord's letter that raises all the rumpus in "The Frisky Mrs. Johnson."

He tries to pass for an English lord, but it's easy to penetrate the masquerade. Te's only a Fitchland lord. His behavior wouldn't

be possible beyond the shadow-frontier of Fitchland. This shadow-lord writes a compromising letter to an American-I mean, a Fitchland-married woman, whose reputation, if she and he lived in any country

on the map, he would be under special obligation to shield, and gives it to a messenger boy, in an unaddressed envelope, to be taken to the lady's husband's house, which he knows is full of guests, and delivered into her own hands. In a country on the map it would occur to any

but a loony lord that an unaddressed letter floating through marble halls in the hands of a messenger boy who "sasses" the lady's servants and her husband while searching for herself, mightn't turn out as pleasantly as a parlor match in a powder factory.

And neither it does.

MADAME'S husband is supposed to be an American and a gentleman, but he is a true Fitchlander. He opens Madame's letter and reads it.

Madame's sister, Mrs. Johnson, is supposed to be sensible woman, but her sense is Fitchland sense, just

as her friskiness is Fitchland friskiness. Not content with claiming the shadow-lord's "passionate" letter as being written to herself, she writes

and insists on her brother-in-law reading it. An unnecessary and unnatural self-humiliation that wouldn't occur to a lady in a country on the map, whether guilty or only shielding a guilty sister.

36 ND that fan't all about letters. Sister's letters must be recovered from the shadow lord of Fitchland IVs midnight, but so much the better. Mrs. , vestal of the Goddess of Suffering Silence,

must go to his rooms instanter, alone, and get 'em! If there were a town erier in Fitchland, she'd take him along and make him ring his bell every step of the

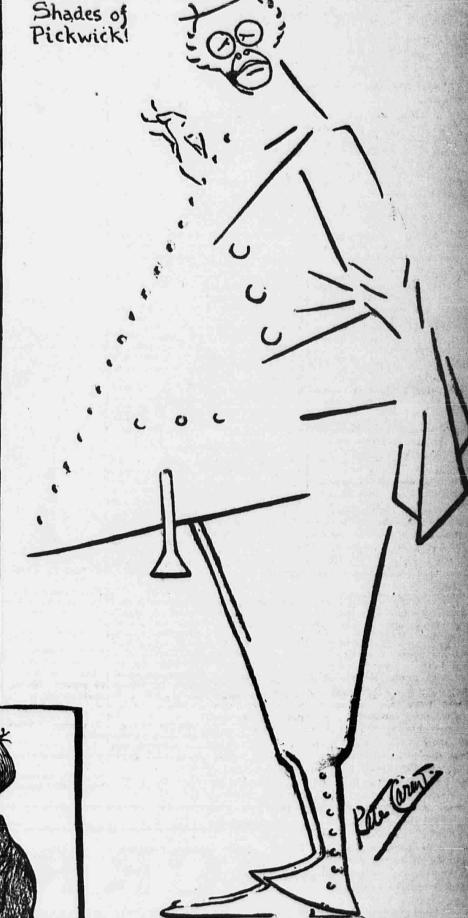
B UT the real point is the lady's Suffering Silence. She loves a decent fellow, and he loves her.

Brother-in-law tells decent fellow he mustn't marry her, because she's no lady, and relates shadowlord incident.

In a country on the map Mrs. Johnson might say to ler lover: "Yes, I took the blame in that affair, but it s to save somebody else."







Decent fellow would believe her at once-indeed, he guesses it out for himself, later on. And suppose he DID suspect that her sister was the culprit? The silly

The William Colliers deserve a medal for springing

with husky chivalry:

Whereupon he "goes away from here," leaving you to rejoice over the chaste rhetoric of his farewell speech.

46 THE FRISKY MRS. JOHNSON" contains some male, but they, too, appear to be unconscious.

only a cad from his toes up, but also so intentionally ridiculous written by Fitch and played by Gottschalk in such an obvious spirit of low comedy-that to figure him as the clandestine lover of a young American matron for whom the audience is expected to feel some sympathy is

gustus Thomas-that it's a pity to drag one in when a green groecr would do better.

Gottschalk's lord has neither.

The other English character, the Oxford youth, who with his terminal "What?" is the real success of the piece, is a gentleman as the actor plays him-and an admirably refined study of British youngsterhood he gives -but becomes a monstrous cad when some Fitchland numor is distilled from the carrying of a trunk.

The youth is helping a lady's maid with it and succeeds in shifting the whole burden on to her frail shoulders as she staggers through the door. (Why don't you

But you shouldn't be hard on Miss Bingham

It's no joke to hire a splendid company of players, and pay huge fees to the most successful playwright of the day, and mount his effort "regardless," and run everything in truly shipshape style, only to have the papers

The demand for plays is enormously in excess of the supply, and of the shapely and unselfish Miss Bingham let it be writ large:

经验证证明

sister is nothing to him.

But no! The Mrs. Johnson who frisks in Fitchland would rather let him think loathsome things about her-

So she buys steamer tickets, and it's "I'm going away

that phrase on the surcharged playgoers of this town, where, as it happens, the (I'm-going-away-from-here

HE funniest moment of the play-and the fun is quite unconscious-comes at the climax. The letter-opening husband has learned that his wife is the culprit, and the decent fellow has been trying to dissuade him from his rageful impulse to sue for a divorce. Gradually his better feelings awaken, he gulps a little, impressively approaches his faithless one and growls

"You go home and get it for desertion!"

splendid studies of caddishness, male and fe-That is, the persons who exhibit caddishness take rank in Fitchland as ladies and gentlemen.

The "passionate" letter-writing shadow-lord is not as egregious an offense to reason as it is to refinement.

Lords have such excellent uses in plays-just ask Au-

Two things we have a right to expect from them when they are young and gay-good manners and good clothes.

laugh?)

A LL OF WHICH, and much more, is as sad can be.

please don't blame her for turning on the critics. turn and rend your play.

"She done the best she



THREE NEW SHOWS NEXT WEEK

Marie Cahiil. under the management of Daniel V. Arthur, will appear at the Bilou Theatre Monday night in the net musical comedy. "Nancy Brown." the book of which was written by Freder Ranken and George H. Broadhurst and the music by Henry K. Hadiev. The scenes are laid in the mythical Kingdo of Ballyhoo, where Nancy Brown, marriage broker, goes, accompanied teight American helresses in. search titled husbands. Miss Cahill will sit several new songs. chief of which "On the Congo." a successor to "Und the Bamboo Tree." by the same sol writers, Cole and Johnson. Miss Cahill will be supported by a company of sixt including Edwin Slevens. Al Grant. Abort Parr, Grace Camerom, Judith Be olde and Mile. Proto.

The theatrical situation will again take a lively turn next week.

Of chief importance among three new productions will be the dramatization by Henri Bataille and Michael Morton, of Tolstoi's powerful and impressive story, "Resurrection," to be seen for the first time at the Victoria Theatre on Tuesday evening. Wagenhais & Kemper promise to present the play on an elaborate scale. Blanche Walsh is to play the unhappy heroine, Katusha Maslovatora of Prince Nekhudeff, the conscience-stricken betrayer of the peasant girl, and the large cast will include twenty-nine other characters. The play has been arranged into a prologue and four acts, the various scenes being Nekludoff sroom at his aunt's home in Russia; the jury-room of the criminal court; the residence of the Princess Sophia; the interior of the women's prison; the prison infirmary, and the exile's encampment in Siberia.

Marie Cahfil, under the management of Theatre Monday right. It is George W. Lederer's production, "The Jewel of Asia," being casts in two acts, the first show-introduce James T. Powers as a star. The piece is in two acts, the first show-ing a case and boulevard in Paris, the second the interior of a pasha's harem in Turkish Asia. The story hinges on a beauty of the harem, known as "the Jewel of Asia," being confused with an oil painting given a similar name by an impecunious artist who manages to exist by serving as a waiter in a cafe. Blanche Ring will be the "Jewel," and others in the cast are Rachel Booth, Carrie Perkins, William Cameron and Ida Gabrielle.

BRALD

**BRA GARRICK THEATRE, 35th st.,nr. B'way. Evenings, 8.35. Mats. To-day & Wed., 2.15. Annie Russell in Mice and Men.

PRINCESS, B'way & 29th St. Evgs. 8.30 Mate. THE FRISKY ARS, JOHNSON.

CASINO TO-day & Wad. A CHINESE HONEYMOON NewYork, S.16. JOHNNY MARCHING HOTE, WED'Y WELLIAMS & WALKER 'In Dehomey' FEB. 18.1 ID BELASCO Presetts 4 'THE DARLING BLANCHE BATES 4 OF THE GODS." CLYDE THE BIRD IN THE CAUE FITCH & MARIN GARILL, "NANCY BROWN."

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75th time-Feb. 25th-Souvenirs.
The Girl with the Green Eyes BLOODGOOD. CRITERION THEATRE. Broadway & 44th st LAST MATERIES AT 2.15. LAST NIGHT, 8.15 Julia Marlowe | CAVALIER GARDENTHEATRE27th st. & Madison ave 4th Xtra Hamlet Matinee Tuesday. Evenings, 8. Matinee To-day at 2.

SOTHERN | IF I WERE MADISON SQUARE THEA. 24th st., pr. B'way. Evenings, 8.16. Mats. To-day & Thursday. Somedy TRIUMPH. THE EARL OF PAWTUCKET With Elizabeth Tyree and Lawrance D'Orsay.

KNICKERBOCKER THEA. B'way & 38th et
Evanings at 8 sharp. Mats. To-day & Wed., 2 Evenings at 8 shapp. Mats. To-day & Wed., 2. Klaw & Erlanger's MR. BLUE BEARD. VIGTORIA, 424 St., B'y & 7th Av. LAST DAY. MARTINGE 216. VIOLA ALLEN BIERNAL WEST END.—The Climbers. MATRINGE BY 8 16. WEST END.—The Climbers. MATRINGE WEST END.—THE VILLAGE POSTGLASTER.

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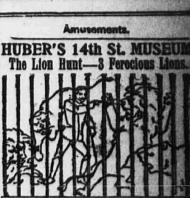
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3 DAVE. Mat. To-day. THE CONVICT'S DAUGHTOR. NEXT WEEK-SLAST LYNNE To-morrow Night, Wes. Marrie Big Concer.



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